

PREDICTS ADDITION OF 24 MILLION PEOPLE BY 1910

(Kansas City Star)

If the population of the United States increases in the next ten years as it has in the last decade the country will be the home of 24 million more persons in 1920 than it is today. Just now, according to the latest returns with practically all precincts accounted for, 96 millions—babies included—are whooping it up for the greatest country on earth, bar none, catch-as-catch-can.

This cheerful prediction was brought to Kansas City the other day by Harry E. Kelly of Fort Smith, Ark., president of the Kelly Trust company. Now, bankers, as a rule, are not optimists. It doesn't suit their purposes to be too liberal and hopeful in public, no matter just how they may feel in communing with themselves. But this banker is the chief of optimists and when he tells about the past and prophesies as to the future, men weep for the chances they missed, resolve to take advantage of opportunities in the coming years and then stop their friends in the streets to tell how proud and glad they are to be citizens of a wonderful land upon which the sun—and go on.

"Why, look here," Mr. Kelly exclaimed. "Every census for years and years and years, has shown an increase of 25 per cent in the country's population. Is there any reason to doubt that it will go right on increasing at that rate? Isn't it more likely to go up 30 or 35 per cent? I should say so. It's like a snow ball which grows the more you roll it over the snow. In the next ten years we'll have more grown individuals to help the snowball process. And if we get

24 millions more in ten years—and they're coming, man, they're coming, look at the birth lists every day; wouldn't they make you whoop for your country? If we get 24 millions more, I say, it'll be more people than now live in the eleven states that make up that marvelous region known as the south and middle west. That whole district today supports only 18 million people, approximately—I haven't read the afternoon papers, so there may be more—and think of the stupendous possibilities yet to be developed!

"A whole lot has been written by timorous persons about the over rapid growth of the cities of the west, like Kansas City, for instance. I tell you they've only started, these western cities. They're growing so fast and the demands and necessities and the increased cost of living and the absurdly high tariff on things that should be low or free, are such that within a decade there will be a stampede from the cities back to the soil for a living. One of the great missions of The Star is to continue its work of encouraging this exodus from town to the farm.

"Another thing: People don't seem to have noticed that all the public lands have been gobbled up. A million or so acres in Missouri, entirely overlooked, but not much to worry about, is almost the last homestead land available and it has been on the waiting list for seventy years. This closing up of 'claim possibilities' has increased the price of lands. In the future the men who are boys now will have to buy their homesteads. There'll be no more claims staked out. There won't be any to stake."

NEW POSTAL CARDS WILL BE ARTISTIC

Only artistic postal cards will be handed out from the local postoffice beginning with next year. Word has been received here that after January 1, 1910, a new design will be printed by the postoffice department. Uncle Sam doesn't think that his own kind are artistic enough. He sells fewer of them each succeeding month, the post card craze playing havoc with his plain postals.

Therefore, he has decided to improve those made by him and get into the market to compete with the souvenir sellers.

Mr. Hitchcock, postmaster general, is convinced that the United States post cards do not compare favorably with the post cards of other countries and has given sanction to a plan for improvement in design, color and printing.

Bids were opened on August 2, for a supply of the new cards for four years from January 1 of next year. The value of the contract awarded will be about \$1,000,000, and 75,000,000 cards must be turned out each month.

One of the innovations of the new cards will be a card much smaller than the present size which can conveniently be used for index purposes. Business men who send out postcards for the collection of statistics and similar purposes have made it known that it would be very convenient if there could be a size card just large enough for index purposes. The post-office department has adopted the suggestion.

With the exception of the index cards, the other cards will be the present size, but the design, color and finish of paper will be improved.

REFRESHES THE SCALP.

Almost anyone may rid themselves of dandruff and scalp irritation and prevent baldness if they will use Rexall's "Oil" Hair Tonic. We are so certain of this we guarantee to return every cent paid for it if it doesn't prove satisfactory. Try it at our entire risk. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. E. G. Murphy, The Rexall Store.

Are You Thinking of Buying

A HOUSE? A LOT? A HORSE?
AN AUTOMOBILE? A BUSI-
NESS? A MUSICAL INSTRU-
MENT? You will serve your own
interest by consulting

Optic Want Ads

all have their eyes on northern New Mexico and its rich coal fields, and the railways traversing them, particularly the Rocky Mountain line and the Des Moines road.

ALAMOGORDO NEWSPAPER

HAS CHANGED HANDS
Alamogordo, N. M., Aug. 24.—O. R. Nation, publisher and editor, has sold to H. La Salle the Alamogordo News. The consideration has not been made public. While Mr. Nation is not yet ready to discuss his plans, it is understood that he has accepted a desk on a large southwestern paper. Under his management the paper has been brighter than at any previous time in its long life.

SPOILED A GOOD IMPRESSION.

Final Act of Inmate of Asylum Gave Visitor Good Ground for Doubting His Sanity.

Low Dockstadter tells in the Saturday Evening Post of a friend of his who visited an insane asylum and came across an inmate who was walking in the corridor. His friend engaged the inmate in conversation and discovered him to be a most intelligent person, posted on all the topics of the day, with rational ideas about everything and no signs of insanity.

"You do not seem insane," said the visitor.
"Certainly not," replied the inmate. "I am perfectly sane. I am here because of a plot against me by some enemies. If I could get word to my sisters and brothers I would be liberated at once. Also, I would like a word with my lawyer."

To make sure, the visitor talked for half an hour with the inmate and, in the end, was convinced a gross injustice was being done. He said: "I will gladly take a message to your lawyer or your brother. I am sure you are sane."

"If you will," replied the inmate, "I shall be under lifelong obligation to you. I am incarcerated here for no reason. I am sane. Please say to my lawyer that you saw me here and that I want him to come at once and see me so I can take steps to regain my liberty."

There was some more conversation and the message was arranged for and addresses given. After other protestations of his sanity and assurances by the visitor that the outrage would soon be corrected, the visitor turned to go. As he was about to descend the steps he was hoisted off his feet by a tremendous kick and fell into a flower bed. He turned to see the inmate grinning at him from the steps.

"Why did you do that?" shouted the visitor.

"Lest you forget," said the inmate, shaking a finger at him—"Lest you forget."

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

NOTICE OF EXECUTION SALE

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, the sheriff of San Miguel county, under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the district court of said county in cause No. 6314 on the docket of said court, wherein the Aetna Building Association of Las Vegas, New Mexico, is the plaintiff and Trinidad Romero is the defendant, have levied upon the following described real estate, to-wit:

A piece of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the south side of the Plaza in the Town of Las Vegas, New Mexico, said land being bounded on the north by the Public Plaza, on the south by Moreno street, on the east by property of E. Rosenwald and on the west by property of Charles Ilfeld.

And that I will on Saturday, October 9th, 1909 at 10 o'clock a. m., at the east front door of the court house in San Miguel county, New Mexico, expose for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash the above described real estate together with all the improvements thereon and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, for the purpose of realizing the sum of Seven Hundred Forty-One and 90-100 Dollars (\$741.90), together with the costs of sale; the said sum of Seven Hundred Forty-One and 90-100 Dollars (\$741.90) being the amount due under and by virtue of the terms of said execution at the date of said sale.

CLEOFES ROMERO.
Sheriff of San Miguel County, N. M.
Veeder & Veeder, of Las Vegas, New Mexico, attorneys for plaintiff in said execution. 8-19-24-25

ABSORBLETS

Crawford—So your wife doesn't make mince pies any more?
Crabshaw—No. She uses all the odds and ends about the house as trimmings for her hat.—Puck.

"Don't you think Miss Hawkins has speaking eyes?"
"I'm sure I don't know. If she had, her mouth wouldn't give them a chance to be heard."—St. Louis Times.

"My doctor ordered a trip to Europe for me."
"And you took it?"
"No. He presented his bill and took a trip to Europe himself."—Boston Transcript.

"Just saw Deadbeat hurrying for the train."
"Off to escape the summer heat, eh?"

"More likely to escape the man who supplied his winter heat."—Boston Transcript.

"When you started on your political career you made numerous excellent resolutions."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, pensively, "but I've tacked on a great many amendments since then."—Washington Star.

"Wilkins is the most absent-minded cuss I ever met."

"How so?"
"Why, the last time he got into the barber's chair he pinned the newspaper around his neck and began to read the towel."—Philadelphia Record.

Irate Stranger—Look here, I thought you told me that dog I bought from you had a good many fine points. He looks like he had been shot full of arrows.

Mountaineer Pete—Those be the fine points, stranger. He tackled a porcupine the day before you bought him.—Chicago News.

"Mamma," said the exasperated young lady, "I wish you wouldn't hang that old parrot out on the front porch these evenings."

"Why not, my dear?" asked her mother in surprise.

"Why, I think before you bought him he must have belonged to a street-car conductor. Every two or three minutes when Edwin calls he chirps out: 'Sit closer, please.' It is just too embarrassing for anything."—Chicago News.

Farmer Ryetop—How did you come to lose your barn by fire?
Farmer Hardapple—Burglars, Jed, burglars.

Farmer Ryetop—Gosh! Did the burglars set the barn afire?

Farmer Hardapple—No; but they broke into the village firehouse the night before and stole all the red shirts, and you know our fire-fighting boys would as soon think of flying without wings as to turn out to a fire without their red shirts.—Chicago News.

For four consecutive nights the hotel man had watched his fair, timid guest fill her pitcher at the water cooler.

"Madam," he said on the fifth night, "if you would ring, this would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the proprietor.

"That the bell!" she exclaimed.
"Why, the boy told me that was the fire alarm, and that I wasn't to touch it on any account."—Success Magazine.

"I hope," said the captain, "addressing the passengers on a small coaster, 'that we all twenty-five will have a pleasant trip.' The soup then appeared. 'I trust, too, that we—er—twenty-four will reach port benefited by the voyage, and, as I look upon you—er—twenty-two smiling faces I am sure this group of—er—seventeen will be a happy family. Will all of you—er—thirteen I see at the table join me in drinking a health to our coming trip? We seven, that is, three—well, you and I, my dear sir—here, steward, clear away these dishes.'—Bohemian.

The prodigal son, repentant, or, at any rate, weary of the diet of husks forced upon him by a vigilant police system, had experienced a change of heart and joined the church. The good sisters were discussing his desirability.

"But," expostulated Mrs. Straight-lace, with a fine and virtuous display of righteousness, "he was a common gambler—what they call a bunko steerer."

"Isn't it lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Up-to-date. "What a help he will be in getting up our church fairs."—Philadelphia Record.

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Retail Prices:
2,000 lbs., or more, each delivery, 20c per 100 lbs.
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